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Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to suicidal thoughts. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts directly, yet surely and efficiently, to tone the stomach and other organs, relax the digestion, create a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms removes the cause. Sick Headache, dizziness, nervousness, and refreshes the tired mind. I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness, or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble, I think, was aggravated by my business, which is that of a painter, and from being more or less shut up in a room with fresh paint. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla—took three bottles. It did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." GEORGE A. FAUNCE, Watertown, Mass.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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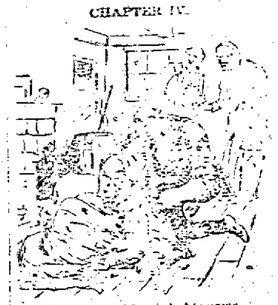
ZEB POSEY.

By S. S. KNEBLER.

CHAPTER IV.



Zeb gathered her into his arms

It was almost dusk on the succeeding night when a skiff slowly rounded the broad shingly beach of Kings Point, and skirting the gray little sandbars below, pulled into the narrow opening of West Pass. It was Zeb Posey, on the last stage to Vicksburg again to look for Cordia.

The mighty current of the Mississippi once flowed in stately majesty past the fair city still known. Delta Point from the Louisiana shore points boldly and up to a corner of Arkansas a long, narrow peninsula, for all the world like a crooked finger, lies between the river and the Gulf. This peninsula the inhabitants call the Island. This peninsula the river is doubly back upon itself, forming about by the cities Delta full, column shown by the cities Delta Point was a narrow, insecure barrier between the turbulent stream and its bed at each period of overflow.

When Grant's investing army encompassed the place his engineers conceived the plan of digging a canal across this narrow arm of Louisiana and thus leaving the city quite to town inland. But the stubborn river, which often eagerly lays claim to a furrow and scours it out until it regains a precipitous, refused to be so set aside as it had always. The treasure and its agents upon the work were lost, but that which it seemed hundred could not do was accomplished in one night in the year 1865. Amid the tumult of a summer storm the river threw off its yoke of forbearance, and cutting the meager peninsula locked its swirling yellow, foaming tide through the new channel, leaving the city with a soul linked lake in front of it.

The lake still continued to command the city as of its creation—is still a great bay of dreary

[illegible] and willows wave in a sea of [illegible] and across which steamers [illegible] their coming and long deserted [illegible] in times of overflow. The lake is connected with the river by a narrow channel called West Pass, and up this pass the estuary, with its high and [illegible] clay mud banks, Zeb rowed to [illegible] He wished to avoid the [illegible] inquisitive crew who swarm [illegible] in the population—fish-hawks and coal barges and cabin boats clustered in the hollow cove near the landing.

When the night had grown dark and the light glimmered out in broken rows upon the populous houses of the steep bluff, Zeb crept up toward the town and wandered uneasily over the place. Now he would climb one of the precipitous streets to the plateau three blocks above, or jerking about the river front where the tall buildings, age-begrimed and unstable, seemed in imminent danger of tottering over, he watched the restless throng. He was shuffling along in the red glare from these latter dives of squalid and wretched vice when a hand plucked his sleeve and a familiar voice said:

"Oh, I'se powerful glad to see yo', sah. I'se been lukin' fer yo, knaw I felt somehow on dese ol' bones dat yo'd cum hyer."

Zeb turned and saw by his side the old darkey he had met at Rolling Fork. He turned to him glad to meet among the strange throng any familiar face, and said:

"I'm glad to see yo', nigger."

"An' I'se powerful glad to see yo'. But, Lor', I knowed I'd ketch up wif yo' some whar soon. Don't de good book say, 'Cast yo' bred on de water an' after many days ye'll cum back?' Here's a stranded ol' dat very fac'. I'se foun' dat I'se sorter in yo's what war lost."

"Found Cordia!" said Zeb, very slowly, looking at the good old black face turned sorrowfully toward him.

"Sho' nuff, bless de Lord! I done jess dat ting. When you left me I'se got on another train, 'kept dat it war dark and it war a freight train. I crawl in mong de cotton bales and ride clar to hyre. I war goin' up to my aunt Liza, and when I war goin' long de street up dar on de bluff sho' ez Moses talked an' Jonah swunk, der war a 'oman cryin' un'er a lantern on de corner. I cudn't go on nowhow tell I seed what ailed she'un, so I stopped en sed. 'White 'oman, what ail yo' an' she sed, 'I dun got no place t' stay,' an' when she sed dat an' look up an' I peeked into her face I 'membered what yo'd don' tol me 'bout yo sis'er what war lost, and I sed, 'Bress de Lord, hyre's dat pore chil' cast in 'mong de wil' beasts en this place. Hi Daniel was in de lion's den, an' de Lord's sent me as a 'special mess'nger to tuk car' on her. So I 'visted on her goin' to my aunt Liza's an' she's ben dar fer fo days now."

"Yer not foolin' me, is yo', nigger? It's my little sister Cordia sure 'nuff, bess't ez?"

"Don't yo' fret 'bout dat; eb'ner sho' 'nuff. Hain't she done gone an' tol' me all 'bout et, an' hain't I gone an' tried to reconstruct on de Belle o' Memphis ez? Dey'll tek her up to Providence? Sho' dey'll tek her up to Providence? Sho' don't yo' fret. Dere ain't no 'stake 'bout et when George Washington Henry Clay Prentiss tell yo' et's so."

Zeb let the old colored man lead him through the dark thoroughfares, up the steep ascent and across Main street, out past the great dark mass of the Catholic church and the sisters' school, with its high wall hiding the riotous foliage and the white statues upon their pedestals within—out and out, until the cottages were lost among narrow cabins and the streets ran into the lanes in the neighborhood of the slaughter houses. Zeb and his companion hurried on, the guide out of breath but eager, the fisherman suppressing a desire to run, to clap his hands, to cry out aloud that all might hear and know that Cordia was found.

At last they went in through a little gate, stooping to pass under the drooping branches of a magnolia tree, whose red and waxen seeds were, even in the white moonlight, like a flame amid the green leaves. The guide knocked softly at the cabin door, and a black and turbaned colored grandma opened it and admitted them. She took the yellow cane stem of the clay pipe she was smoking from between her lips, and without [illegible] at seeing the stranger [illegible] as she pointed [illegible] a pile of bedding in the corner. Zeb never paused, but following the direction of the crone's finger, went to the pallet, and stooping over it saw by the dim light of the sputtering candle on the mantel over the big fireplace that it was the face of Cordia.

There were dark circles under the closed eyes, and the weak mouth was drawn into firm lines about the corners, while a wisp of yellow hair that fell over her forehead made her seem more wan now than she otherwise would, but it was Cordia, dear little Cordia—older and taller and more womanly—but yet just little Cordia. With an inarticulate cry, as though all the pent up agony and baffled hope and suppressed emotion of the last years were crowding for expression, Zeb gathered her into his arms and held her to his breast while he kissed her over and over again.

Then the closed eyes opened wide in astonishment and fear, but as she felt his strong, loving arms about her and saw the dear familiar face pressed to hers, she broke into one glad cry, putting her arms about his neck for very joy and sobbing, "Zeb, Zeb, Zeb!"

An hour without other word they remained a long while rocking to and fro and calling upon each other by name softly and lovingly and tenderly, until presently Auntie Liza said:

"George Washington Henry Clay Prentiss, yo' ol' fool, what yo' sittin' dar cryin' fur, jest like a baby wif its fust tee'th?"

And the old man rubbed his tattered coat sleeve across his eyes very fast for a minute or two, and replied with a snuffle and an assumption of anger:

"Shet up. Ruin't yo', yo's ben cryin' hyre till it hass mos' like dar war a rain an' de roof war leckin'. De debil catch yo' she loss yo' grease yo' skin an' stop yo' lyin', so's he kain't git hold o' yo'."

THE END.

POULTRY KEEPING.

Points Worthy of Consideration in the Selection of Breeds.

With a view to assisting novices in the wise selection of breeds, the agricultural editor of The New York World makes the following suggestions:

Success in poultry keeping depends largely in the selection of a breed that is suited to the special requirements of the locality where it is to be reared. One of the first considerations is the soil. For, while almost any breed can be kept on a dry, sandy, chalk or gravel soil, there are many varieties that will not thrive when the ground is cold, damp or clayey. On such low lying lands ducks and geese are really the only poultry that can be kept with profit. On clay soils as high authority as Beal advises that Dorkings, Spanish, Polish, Crèves and La Flèche are loosely to be avoided. He names the following as varieties as best able to stand such a soil: Minorcas, Leghorns, Houdans, Brahmas, Langshans, Games, Andalusians, Plymouth Rocks and Cochins.

The second point to be considered is whether the birds are to be kept in confinement or given their liberty. There are several breeds that will not thrive in confined runs, as, for instance, the Houdans and the lighter varieties of the Spanish tribe, which scarcely ever do well in a confined space. While no doubt thrive as well in small runs, the Minorcas, Leghorns, Houdans and Plymouth Rocks, when well cared and otherwise properly cared for, will give considerable satisfaction.

Where eggs are the chief object the non-sitting breeds are advised. Poultry specially characterized for table qualities is, of course, the sort to be selected where the demand is for dressed fowls. In point of quality the Games come first, although these are small for ordinary market purposes. The Game, crossed with Dorkings, is highly recommended. Other good table fowls are La Flèche, Dorkings, Houdans, Langshans and Plymouth Rocks.

Where it is desirable to have combined in one breed, good layers and table fowls Plymouth Rocks, Langshans, Dominiques and Houdans will be found desirable.

Horse Talk.

A contributor to Farm Journal has the following to say:

Gentleness pays best with the colt or horse.

Do not trade off or sell for a trifle the old horse. There is a better way.

The breeding of heavy horses is increasing fast.

Clover hay is cheap. Give the colts and breeding mares lots of it and see them thrive.

The brush will save oats.

The horse may be frightened by smell.

All hay or straw is not the thing unless we want bellies.

The large breeds of horses can be safely bred to smaller mares.

For roading there is nothing like oats.

There have been lots of trotting wonders come to the front the past season, but not enough to warrant the boys to become addled over a trotter. This is a big country, and thousands have failed where one has become famous.

Do not worry about the future with twelve hundred pound horses. Europe will take them all.

Put a very strong halter on the colts when first tied. Stay with it and do not let it pull. Coax it with a handful of oats and keep it from getting frightened. If it breaks loose once, it will try all the harder next time.

If the growing colt reaches up for its hay it will tend to make it higher headed.

Would be trotters have to hunt up new owners.

Root Pruning of Fruit Trees.

An English pomologist gives his ideas as follows on the subject of root pruning: The operation should be performed as soon after the crops have been gathered as possible. Open a trench about eighteen inches wide at from two to three feet from the stem of the tree, giving more or less distance according to the age and size, and about the same depth, working the soil out pretty well from underneath the roots, with a view of severing any top or perpendicular ones that may be there, and cutting all those in the prescribed space clean away in the operation. If the trees are vigorous and the natural soil in which they are growing is good, it may be returned to fill up the trenches without additions of any kind being made. But, on the other hand, should both trees and soil show signs of debility, the trenches should be filled in with good, fertile loam, and the improvement in the crops in succeeding years will well pay for the trouble and labor. Really fruitful trees are often benefited as much by root pruning as by the pruning of the shoots. The slight check in growth leads to the production of short jointed limbs and the formation of strong, healthy fruit buds.

Catarrh
In the head
Is a constitutional
Disease, and requires
A constitutional remedy
Like Hood's Sarsaparilla,
Which purifies the blood.
Makes the weak strong.
Restores health.
Try it now.

—Subscribe for the MINER.

A Mountain Dream.

By JOSEPHINE A. BOWEN.

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CHAPTER I.

"Knight and I never get tired."

Yes, I will tell you the story. Throw a few more logs into the stove, will you? Cold out doors?

"Cold? I suppose so; thermometer 40 below, but I'm blest if I feel it much. Your mountain air is wonderful to me. Been living on it ever since I came west."

Oh, we soon get used to it, and then our only wonder is how we ever consented to live where the deadly damp and chill is like a chronic ague. No more of it for me. The valley states have their good features, of course—orchards and corn fields and all that—good to look at when there are no mountains in sight, but of what use would they be here? Plenty of fruit to be had if you want it. Gad, how I used to work when I was a kid! Wading through the black soil of Illinois, dropping corn as soon as I shied my dresses; then covered and hoed and plowed and hustled until I got disgusted, cut the whole business and lit out.

"Wasn't cut out for a king of the soil, eh?"

King of nothing! If a boy wants a taste of Inferno let him live on a farm and have a Dutchman for a father.

"Granted; but perhaps you inherited from your good German ancestors the artistic talent which enabled you to get on so well after you did cut and run."

Well, may be so. At any rate I have no quarrel with the old man now. He likes his farm and his fat cattle—I like my den here in the mountains, and my paints and brushes. So here I mean to stay. Pile in some more pine, Jim. I tell you, you might freeze to death and never know it.

"Smooth way to pass over the range to Paradise. But, I say, Gus, don't you ever eat here? I am as hungry as a bear."

Eat? Open that oven door and take a whiff. That is the finest roast of venison in Montana, and ranch potatoes which are no sweet. Nearly done, old man. Here, let me set the table. Two plates, two knives, two glasses, and boldly declare myself her lover, claiming the right to protect her, and trust to fate! Most likely the result of such a step would be death for me and worse than death for her. No. I must do the care of myself for her sake. To go to her father was impossible. He was a fugitive from justice—perhaps swinging from some impromptu gallows in gorge or canyon. I had no friends in all the great northwest to aid me. I must act alone—but how?

The picture was nearly finished. You have seen it, Jim—the sweet pathos of the face, the mystic eyes, the cloud of shadowy hair, the form half veiled in mist, the background a faint vision of the mountains. I was satisfied. It must have been an inspiration; it was the inspiration of love—for to save my immortal soul I could no more paint such a picture now than I could bring the dead to life. She looked upon it as a miracle, and upon me as the followers of Christ may have looked upon him.

All this time no word of love had passed my lips. I must see my way clearly before I spoke, and I waited and pondered. Did it never occur to me that she might be followed and watched? Yes, I had thought of that, but this cabin, as you may have observed, commands a view of miles. I had watched low hills which surrounded our valley farm were covered with oak, maple, hickory, cherry, hackberry and many other trees; and at that time of the year they were russet and crimson and gold with the first kisses of decay.

Wild grapevines swung from branch to branch filled with small purple clusters, acrid, to be sure, but nectar to a boy's taste. Black and red were hung in tempting profusion. Nuts lay thick in the fallen leaves or came rattling down through the hazy air. The sumach, most gorgeous of American plants, blazed in glory and offered its spikes of velvet berries. Crows called from the treetops. Bluejays added a bit of pure azure to the mosaic of color. Blackbirds rose in clouds from the cornfields and squirrels chattered over their abundant stores. Along the roadside, in the fence corners, bittersweet hung its coral berries among great purple and white wild asters and the large, pale pink blooms of horsemint. A little river bordered the farm on one side, and we could hear its waters plunging over a mill dam just out of sight.

"You know how short lived this beautiful time is in that latitude. But while Nature was calling me in her most alluring voice to come out and be happy I husked corn from early morning till night. Then, after the horses were cared for and the milking done, I crawled into my small, low chamber under the roof, too tired even to rest and sleep.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, she came, of course"—

Yes, I found myself unable to go on with my landscapes from the moment that she left. I called myself an idiot and tried to shake myself into reason and common sense, but it was of no use. That sweet, pathetic little face haunted me, and I was in a fever of impatience to see her again. Well, about noon of the next day she came, as before, with her dog by her side. It was more like a dream than reality, she was so little like other girls.

"I am glad that you have come," I said quietly, "and I am going to ask you to unbraid your hair and let it fall over your shoulders; will you?" Without reply she untied the ribbon, slowly unbraided and shook loose her wonderful hair. It fell around her like a shadowy mist, and so threadlined her that I began to doubt whether she were indeed a mere human child or I the victim of a mental hallucination. I began to outline my picture, but decided, as much as I love a good dog, to leave hers out and make an after study of him to please his little mistress; for I wanted that face, with its pensive lips and wonderful veil of hair, to be what it has since become—a mountain dream. She came, day after day, always gliding in and loosening her hair without further request from me; and she glided as silently into my heart. In ten days' time I knew that I loved her better than my own life; that I would protect and defend her with my last drop of blood.

We had talked but little all this time. I had asked her if she was missed at home, and she said that her father was away and that Mannella and some Mexicans visiting her; "and I sink they are glad to have me away," she said, "but they quarrel terribly, and although I can't understand all they say I think they are talking about me."

Here was danger. What step should I take? Should I ask this child to fly with me? Never! Better death for both of us than dishonor for her. The coarse world would never have believed that I would have died to keep my Dream, as I called her in all my thoughts, pure and innocent, until the time came when she could "lay her sweet hands in mine and trust to me." Should I go to this nest of Mexican cutthroats and boldly declare myself her lover, claiming the right to protect her, and trust to fate! Most likely the result of such a step would be death for me and worse than death for her. No. I must do the care of myself for her sake. To go to her father was impossible. He was a fugitive from justice—perhaps swinging from some impromptu gallows in gorge or canyon. I had no friends in all the great northwest to aid me. I must act alone—but how?

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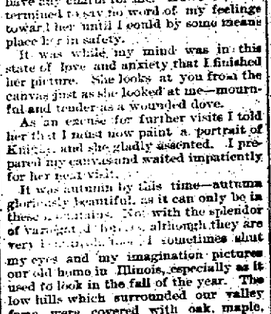
CHAPTER III.



Crying to God for vengeance.

But let us come back to the mountains. Here we had none of this, but instead the indescribable colors of the great range, the golden splendor of the sun shining through an atmosphere like amber wine. I breathed balsamic odors. I walked over fragrant beds of pine needles, and searched for the latest Rocky mountain wild flowers—unequaled in all the northern world—and I dreamed of my love. No matter what her father might be, I remembered that her mother had taught her to pray, and believe me, Jim, it is the mother who makes us what we are.

My own mother, who died when I was

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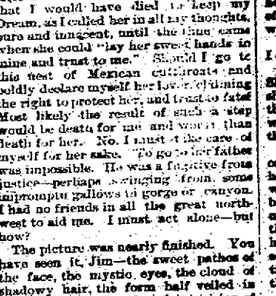

I finished her picture.

That smoke gets into my eyes, Jim. What do you say? Tears! Well, I am not ashamed of them. Perhaps you would not have fallen in love with an outlaw's daughter, but I did. I loved her so that to other woman will ever have any charm for me. However, I determined to say no word of my feelings toward her until I could by some means place her in safety.

It was while my mind was in this state of love and anxiety that I finished her picture. She looks at you from the canvas just as she looked at me—mournful and tender as a wounded dove.

As an excuse for further visits I told her that I must now paint a portrait of Knight, and she gladly assented. I prepared my canvas and waited impatiently for her next visit.

It was autumn by this time—autumn gloriously beautiful, as it can only be in these mountains. Not with the splendor of variegated foliage, although they are very beautiful, sometimes what my eyes and my imagination pictures our old home in Illinois, especially as it used to look in the fall of the year. The low hills which surrounded our valley farm were covered with oak, maple, hickory, cherry, hackberry and many other trees; and at that time of the year they were russet and crimson and gold with the first kisses of decay.

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"What is it, Cordia? What is it?" I cried, springing toward her.

"Oh, she frightened me terribly. She found it out that I came to see you, she and Jose came talking together, and they said that I must be punished in this way! 'Oh, Mr. Vos Burgh, please they would put me!'

"They shall not harm you," I said calmly as I could, for I wished to reassure her. I did not take her in my arms, I wish that I had, but we were such a child as the erotic school of novelists delight in—at least some of us are not. It is that to me she standing there in helpless, unprotected innocence that so sacred that I felt it would be profanation to lay my hands upon her, save in the tenderest love.

"Tell me, Carol," I said, "tell me why they wish to put you out of the house. You are safe now; don't be frightened, but try to think."

"Oh, I know," she said, breaking into tears; "they have my mother's jewels—all that I was human enough to think that I will want them. They think that I will take some one who is to them away."

All my irresolution, my miserable lying, was now at an end. There was no case for the Vigilantes. I would go at once and lay the matter before them, and I would also go to the legal authorities, if any could be found, and have a guardian appointed for my love. It that I had been, to sit dreaming over portrait when her sweet life was in danger days. I could see the little figure far away as it advanced in coming or faded in the distance when she departed, and always she seemed unmolested—and with her faithful guardian by her side I trusted that she was safe.

I finished her picture.

That smoke gets into my eyes, Jim. What do you say? Tears! Well, I am not ashamed of them. Perhaps you would not have fallen in love with an outlaw's daughter, but I did. I loved her so that to other woman will ever have any charm for me. However, I determined to say no word of my feelings toward her until I could by some means place her in safety.

It was while my mind was in this state of love and anxiety that I finished her picture. She looks at you from the canvas just as she looked at me—mournful and tender as a wounded dove.

As an excuse for further visits I told her that I must now paint a portrait of Knight, and she gladly assented. I prepared my canvas and waited impatiently for her next visit.

It was autumn by this time—autumn gloriously beautiful, as it can only be in these mountains. Not with the splendor of variegated foliage, although they are very beautiful, sometimes what my eyes and my imagination pictures our old home in Illinois, especially as it used to look in the fall of the year. The low hills which surrounded our valley farm were covered with oak, maple, hickory, cherry, hackberry and many other trees; and at that time of the year they were russet and crimson and gold with the first kisses of decay.

Wild grapevines swung from branch to branch filled with small purple clusters, acrid, to be sure, but nectar to a boy's taste. Black and red were hung in tempting profusion. Nuts lay thick in the fallen leaves or came rattling down through the hazy air. The sumach, most gorgeous of American plants, blazed in glory and offered its spikes of velvet berries. Crows called from the treetops. Bluejays added a bit of pure azure to the mosaic of color. Blackbirds rose in clouds from the cornfields and squirrels chattered over their abundant stores. Along the roadside, in the fence corners, bittersweet hung its coral berries among great purple and white wild asters and the large, pale pink blooms of horsemint. A little river bordered the farm on one side, and we could hear its waters plunging over a mill dam just out of sight.

"What is it, Cordia? What is it?" I cried, springing toward her.

"Oh, she frightened me terribly. She found it out that I came to see you, she and Jose came talking together, and they said that I must be punished in this way! 'Oh, Mr. Vos Burgh, please they would put me!'

"They shall not harm you," I said calmly as I could, for I wished to reassure her. I did not take her in my arms, I wish that I had, but we were such a child as the erotic school of novelists delight in—at least some of us are not. It is that to me she standing there in helpless, unprotected innocence that so sacred that I felt it would be profanation to lay my hands upon her, save in the tenderest love.

"Tell me, Carol," I said, "tell me why they wish to put you out of the house. You are safe now; don't be frightened, but try to think."

"Oh, I know," she said, breaking into tears; "they have my mother's jewels—all that I was human enough to think that I will want them. They think that I will take some one who is to them away."

All my irresolution, my miserable lying, was now at an end. There was no case for the Vigilantes. I would go at once and lay the matter before them, and I would also go to the legal authorities, if any could be found, and have a guardian appointed for my love. It that I had been, to sit dreaming over portrait when her sweet life was in danger days. I could see the little figure far away as it advanced in coming or faded in the distance when she departed, and always she seemed unmolested—and with her faithful guardian by her side I trusted that she was safe.

Crying to God for vengeance.

But let us come back to the mountains. Here we had none of this, but instead the indescribable colors of the great range, the golden splendor of the sun shining through an atmosphere like amber wine. I breathed balsamic odors. I walked over fragrant beds of pine needles, and searched for the latest Rocky mountain wild flowers—unequaled in all the northern world—and I dreamed of my love. No matter what her father might be, I remembered that her mother had taught her to pray, and believe me, Jim, it is the mother who makes us what we are.

My own mother, who died when I was

A Valuable Book.

Dr. Brown Sequard's may be an important discovery, but every one knows that Miles' New Heart Cure cures, has given thousands prompt relief, heart disease a New Life. Druggists who can at effects on many customers, speak very highly of it. Mr. Weaver, of Lafayette, Ind., has sold much of Dr Miles' and has received many good words. O. Monroe, Dunkirk, N. Y., reports: "And the best part of it is, a bottle has given entire satisfaction, guaranteed by A. B. Armagast.

My wife had been a great sufferer for a long time with pain in the back. Oil was freely used and I rubbed my wife to-day with Salvation Oil. W. E. Comstock, Jr.

—For fine job printing, either for business or pleasure, call at the office of H. E. Culver, Jr., & Co.

McKean County Times

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

[illegible] Pa., Jan 16, 1891

[illegible] worth having and old enough [illegible] Throughout snow on it and what has become of the [illegible] and [illegible] much praised [illegible] ha?

[illegible] friend the man who had [illegible] and grip that moored [illegible] [illegible] a great majority of men [illegible] who have almost done [illegible] ng for us.

[illegible] important members of the [illegible] refuse to support their ticket [illegible] at the next year, the Republican [illegible] to success will not be at [illegible] *The Times of the Day.*

[illegible] Democratic stamp [illegible] [illegible] and suffers so [illegible] a mob that will [illegible] to legalize opposition are [illegible] to keep any with hanging members [illegible]

[illegible] for the first time in 37 years [illegible] to elect a Democratic [illegible] a majority in Democratic [illegible] Mr. Cameron's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

McKean County Citizen

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 15, 1891.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

CRUSHING BLOWS.

We will send the Mirror and any paper or magazine mentioned below for one year, to any address, as follows

The Mirror and Philadelphia Weekly *Press* $1 50

The Mirror and Albany Weekly *Journal* $1 60

The Mirror and Pittsburg *Chronicle* $1 50.

The Mirror and *Judge Library of Fun*, monthly for $1 60

The Mirror and New York *World* for $1 60

The Mirror and *Consumptionan Magazine* for $2 10

The Mirror and American *Frank-weekly* for $2 10

The Mirror and *Demorest, Family Magazine* for $3 10

The Mirror and *National Tribune* for $2 10

The Mirror and *Horse Market Bulletin* for $1 50

The Mirror and *Strebner's Magazine* for $ 40

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce the name of C W Symmes of Keating township, as a candidate for supervisor, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are authorized to announce the name of W L Rees as a candidate for Supervisor of Smethport township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are authorized to announce the name of Frank Starr as a candidate for Supervisor of Smethport borough, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

We are authorized to announce the name of Simon Marsh as a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican caucus.

—Vol xxvii, No. 1.

—Court next week—civil term

—Young county is free of debt

—Pinches' top is back in its accustomed place.

—Thompson and Neal at the opera house.

—What has become of the Chautauqua Circle

—The thermometer has been below zero this week.

—Have you seen the last number of *Scribner's Magazine*? It is now on sale.

—Attention is called to the Mirror clubbing list at the head of this column.

—Dead Indian's one high that season but the county commissioners them at any price.

—Smethport has been besieged by advance agents and showmen for the past few days.

—Sleighing parties are not as numerous as in former years, in fact they are few and far between.

—Our merchants are filling up their stores again, their stocks having been much depleted during the holidays.

—There will be four eclipses this year—two of the sun and two of the moon and a transit of Mercury over the sun's disc.

—The February elections are drawing near, various candidates are announcing themselves, and thus the political pot begins to boil.

—Mr Chris Herzog is building a large addition to his grist mill, on the south side, which will be used as a feed room and granary.

—Johnsonburg will soon be a borough as an application for articles of incorporation will be made at the next term of court in this county.

—The average pimp that only weighs a few ounces, and yet the effect that it has on some men it is to make them feel as though they weighed a ton.

—The public is notified to refrain all $2 silver certificates of the issue of 1886, as the country seems to be flooded with a dangerous imitation of them.

—The ribbon social given by the ladies of All Saints Guild, at the Exchange hotel on East Smethport on Wednesday evening was a grand success.

—Prof Mumler, of Bradford, has organized a class in dancing the first in the regular course of lessons being given at the opera house last night.

—John Wanamaker pays Manley Gilham $20,000 per year to look after his advertising Mr Wanamaker gets $8,000 per year as Postmaster General.

—A North Lupton county farmer, who had some turkeys killed by dogs, has made a claim upon the school board for damages because the board receives the dog tax.

—During the past year, 6,132 wells were drilled in the Pennsylvania oil field of which number 4,695 were dry. The preceding year 5,557 wells were drilled, 1,87 of them having been dusters.

—The Handy Andy combination will give an entertainment, followed by a dance at Odd Fellow's Hall, Clermont on Monday evening next for the benefit of the rector of the Catholic Church.

—If one person who took the clothes-wringer from Wilson's restaurant some time since, has got through with it, Mr Wilson would be pleased to have it returned as he would like to use it himself.

—The first of a series of dime socials of the W C T U was held in the Lucas building on Tuesday evening, and while not as largely attended as it should have been, was nevertheless a very successful affair.

—The ball of the C M B A, to be given at the opera house on the 26th inst., promises to be the event of the season. The arrangements are in the hands of a competent committee, and nothing will be left undone to make it a very pleasant affair.

—The young people of Smethport indulged in counting to a considerable extent on Friday and Saturday evenings last, and although no accidents of a serious nature occurred, we hear of several narrow ones. It is a dangerous pastime to say the least.

—Dr Leavitt's comedy and concert company will open at the opera house tonight. To those who have seen the Dr. Lloyd combination at this company will need no introduction, suffice it to say there is lots of fun in store for those who attend, and as the admission is free we advise all to be there.

—A oyster supper will be given at the residence of E. A. Anderson, Colegrove, on Wednesday evening next, for the benefit of Rev. J. M. Leach, of the M. E. Church. A pleasant time is assured all who attend.

—"When I knew your parents were so opposed to my marrying you, darling," he said, tenderly, "I was determined on having you. But what a lucky thing it was that unknown friend held the slipping foot of the ladder the night we eloped." "Why, George" she cried, effusively, "that was papa!"

—The marriage ceremony of Miss Eugenia, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Henry Hamlin to Mr Howard Fuller and Merrill, of Geneva N Y, will be solemnized at St Luke's church in this place on Wednesday next at eight o'clock p m A reception will follow at the residence of Judge Hamlin on Main street.

I note the new law the members of the Board of County Commissioners who went for a office on the 5th of January will each draw $3 00 a day and will be allowed no extra expenses while attending to any county business but the mileage has been cut off. They will also be required to file a statement of the work transacted each day.

—The N Y & P R R will run an excursion to Washington, D C from this station Feb 17th The low rate of $10 00 for the round trip will be made Sleeping cars have been arranged for berths should be secured in advance Excursion agent S E Newton will be in charge of the party. Special rates have been secured at several Washington hotels

—An interesting sign of the way in which the improvement of highways has taken hold of the public mind is furnished by the order of Lafayette College to give to one representative from each county in the State a course of free instructions in road building. When the road question stirs up the colleges it is certain to have force it itself upon the minds of the whole people.

—The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Munn & Co patent solicitors, in another column Their name is familiar to patentees throughout the country In connection with the publication of the *Scientific American* for the past forty five years, they have made the drawings and specifications for more than one hundred and twenty thousand applications, and their facilities for obtaining patents were never better than now

—Jas. E. Adams and his Crazy Lot were greeted with a large audience on Wednesday evening, and if appearances are a criterion to judge by a better pleased audience never was. Held at the opera house. The specialties were all first class, while the antics of the inimitable Jas E Adams, and his funny sayings of the company kept the audience good natured from first to last, although they were somewhat stale. The pantomime was not up to the standard

—The residence of Fred B Granteer, at Crosby, was destroyed by fire on Monday night caused, it is supposed by an overpressure of gas. Mr Granteer, wife and child were attending a party at the time and knew nothing of the fire until too late to save the household effects, which besides their with a gold and silver watch a number of valuable papers and a handsome new parlor organ, were destroyed John Granteer Fred's father was asleep in the chamber and awoke in time to escape by jumping through a window He was somewhat burned, but it is thought not dangerously There was no insurance. Mr. Granteer has a host of friends who will regret to hear of his misfortune

—Eggs are selling at thirty cents per dozen here and mighty hard to get at that. Chickens have a fancy, feather way about them that is very discouraging to the farmer who wants to sell eggs. It is a difficult matter to bring the average lady to a proper sense of her duty to this matter When eggs are only ten cents a dozen she will get up at four o'clock in the morning to lay an egg, then wake up the household cackling over it in an idiotic glee But when an egg becomes a precious morsel Mrs. Biddy is not so ambitious In spite of all the embishments and shelled corn that can be lavished upon her she will pursue her dutiless course and permit humanity to suffer for her delectable and eggle sauces.—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

—Several attempts at burglary have been made in this borough during the past week, all of which were unsuccessful. On Saturday night an attempt was made at the residence of Robert Ming on Main street Mrs King hearing a noise and supposing it was the hired man for whom the door had been left unlocked, called out to him but receiving no answer got up just in time to see a strange man dodge through the door leading to the cellar She called to Mr King but in the excitement the thief made good his escape. An attempt was also made at the store of M Rosenfield on the same night but an entrance was not effected On Sunday night another unsuccessful attempt was made at the residence of C H Moore, but the burglars were interrupted by parties approaching on the street.

—Daniel Parsons, who resides on the old Salem Road, has a curiosity in the shape of a hen which has adopted a litter of five kittens. The kittens have but just reached the open-eye period, and will follow the hen around the yard, she diligently scratching meanwhile for the delicious worm or bug, as the case may be, which she tenders them as food as she would her chicks When the kittens begin to cry she hen will cluck them under her wings, where they rest perfectly contented Not being endowed by nature with the means of feeding her charge, it has been found necessary to capture the hen and tie her up while the mother cat attends to her duties to this line. At other times she has full sway being valiant even to blows in the protection of the children of her adoption.—*Cape Ann Breeze*

—A poetic pencil pusher expresses a truth thusly The preacher woos for the souls of men, and generally gets his pay, the merchant reaps his reward for toil in profits from day to day, the banker sits in his office chair with his bundle of cash to rend and gathers a harvest from people to month of a gorous fee per cent, the dealer in grog stands behind the bar and fills up the schooners high, and jingles the tin the boss blew in for portions of good old rye, the lawyer and doctor deal work to do it at brings in the hard old cash; and the men who wield the plane and spade deal money to buy their bash, but the editor has a thankless task, as the busy months roll by, and he knows no rest of body or brain, while he misses the chance to die. His reward is this world never comes, over the silent sea, if justice reigns, he is he and to have an elegant jubilee.

Mirrors compare—and hence the genuine yet positive influence of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup overcomes so quickly the disorders of babyhood.

PERSONAL MENTION

E. T. Daly visited Bradford last week.

S. G. Smith, of Corry, Pa., was in town Monday.

S. J. Gifford went over to Bradford Tuesday.

Mr. T. D. Nash had business in Kane Wednesday.

E. B. Funk, of Bickford had business in town Monday.

W. H. Stone, of Ridgway, was in town on Wednesday

A. L. Wicks, of Friendship, N Y, was in town Monday.

C P Byron, of Bradford, was about town Wednesday

W H Hogan of Olean, visited Smethport on Wednesday

William Bahlman was over from Duke Centre last Saturday.

E E Olmsted, of Colegrove, was upon our streets Wednesday

Mrs Ada Cable, of the Bradford *Era* was at the county seat Monday

Roswell Cushman of this place has been granted an original pension.

A Platt of Olean, had business at Mckean county seat last week.

A S Wright of the Wright House, had business in Bradford Tuesday.

Attorney G L Roberts, of Bradford, was at the county seat on Monday

Prof Brick, of this borough is organizing a music class at Duke Centre

J M McElroy has returned from his race at visit with friends in Harrisburgh

J M Coombs, of Colegrove, made Smethport a visit on Wednesday of this week

County Superintendent of the poor C S Ming, had business in Bradford on Monday

Rev J M Leach pastor of the M E Church at Colegrove was a caller at the Mirror office on Monday

Frank N Taylor the genial and popular proprietor of the Grand Central hotel at Smethport, was in the city.—*Bradford Era-rd*

J L Thomas, Clarence Stevens, P G Jones and Grant Jones, all of Centreville N Y., were registered at the Wright house

J M Fraser, of Rixford, President of the McKean County Association, G A R, was in town on Monday last, and called at this office.

John Fred Mathison and Matilda Johnson, both of Mt. Jewett, were united in marriage by Revd. Ford, Esq. at his residence on [illegible] street, on Saturday last, Jan 10, '91.

Mr H [illegible] Morton and Miss Maggie Dillon [illegible] were united in marriage at the New Palmer House, Olean, on Saturday last, by Justice Hen[illegible] McKinney.

I H McElroy Esq of Smethport, Prothonotary of McKean county, was in the city several days last week, the guest of A J Benson, journal clerk of the Senate.—Harrisburg *Telegram*

Miss A Scull leaves the last of this week for Washington, she having accepted a position as assistant principal of the Mt. Vernon Seminary. Miss Scull has before been connected with this institute for a number of years, where she is well known as a lady of rare literary attainments.

Rogers Grass

Yesterday afternoon a wedding in high life took place at the Wyeth mansion Front and Locust streets, when Mr Lucien Rogers, of Smethport, and Miss Sara Campbell Grass, were united in marriage by Rev Thomas B Angell, rector of St. Stephen's Church, assisted Rev W S Sheets of Smethport While Miss Mary Wyeth presided at the piano the bridal couple entered the parlors Misses Daniel Sherr and Rachel Bridle preceding them as ushers

The bride's dress was an ottoman silk with white pearl trimmings She also carried a bouquet of choice flowers Miss Lilian Grass was maid of honor and was attired in white trimmed with Valenciennes lace The groom and his best man, Mr McElroy, of Smethport, wore the conventional black After the ceremony congratulations were extended and the invited guests partook of a wedding dinner covers being laid for a number of guests. Mr and Mrs. Rogers left for Washington later in the afternoon They will make their home in Smethport. Mr Rogers is editor of the McKean Mirror, and is at present treasurer of that county Mr Rogers has been reading clerk of the Senate and is well known in this city.—*Harrisburg Call* Jan. 9

Death of Bernard McKean.

Bernard McKean, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Keating township, died at his home on Harvin creek, on Thursday night of last week, of pneumonia, in the 81st year of his age Mr McKean was born in the county Cavan, Ireland, in 1811 In 1833 he emigrated to America, locating at Long Island, where in 1840 he was married to Bridget Graham More three children were born, Thomas, now of Wilcox, Phoebe L., Wife of George Garlick, of Marvin creek, and James A., of this place. In 1847 he moved with his family to Franklinville, N Y., and two years later came to Keating township, where he has since resided, and where four of his children were born, namely, Mary A., wife of Henry O Gallup, of this place, John W., who died in 1866, at the age of 16 years, Charles, also of this place, and Edward D., who resides at the old homestead, where Mr. McKean died and where his wife also died some two years ago. Mr. McKean was an honest, conscientious and kind-hearted man, liberal to a fault and stand a life-long friend of all with whom he came in contact. The funeral services were held on Monday morning last at St. Elizabeth's Church, Rev. Gallagan officiating. The remains were followed to their last resting place, in the St. Elizabeth's Cemetery, in this borough, by by a large concourse of friends and relatives.

Installation of Officers.

At a regular meeting of Branch 33 C M B A, held at their hall in the Becker building, on Wednesday evening, the following officers were installed by John F Mooney

Spiritual—Francis Quinlisk.
First Vice President—James Lynch.
Second Vice President—T O'Brien.
Rec sec—Dan Eaton
Asst Rec Sec'y—M J Carroll.
Financial Sec'y—E V Obenreiter
Treasurer—Peter Cody
Marshal—M Moire Mc
Guard—Wm Cosby.
Trustees—Byrne, Jas Herman, E W Obenreiter, A W Hubbard.

St. Luke's Church.

Services on Sunday next, Jan 18, at 10:30 a. m. and at 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 3.30 p. m.

The offerings at the morning service will be for Diocesan Missions.

Service at All Saints, East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

Whiskeys.

50c to $4.00 per (full) quart bottles sent securely packed by express. N. R. Collins & Co., Bradford, Pa.

In the Hands of a Receiver.

The Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Railroad Company was placed in the hands of receiver Geo L. Roberts, Esq., at 12 o'clock a. m. Tuesday, Jan. 13, 1891.

The appointment of a receiver for this road was the result of a determination on the part of its owners to consolidate the various members of the late "Erie Narrow Gauge System" into one body—thus in the future, saving the cost of separate management and maintenance.

Besides the foregoing, the roads will be reorganized on the basis as corning power. The old bonds and stock will be retired and new ones issued, in such proportion as to do justice to each of the organizations as to make them both dividend and interest paying.

The receivership is not the result of a work to deprive any one of the conductors of the company from their just dues. The bond holders have provided for the payment in full of every just obligation against the Bradford Bordell & Kinzua Railroad Company, and that too without unnecessary delay The pay day of the employes will be maintained regularly and without interruption. Furthermore, it is the purpose of the owners of this property to put it on a better foundation than ever by extending its limits, increasing its facilities for the business continually growing along its lines, and finally if necessary, standard gauging it within the near future

The organization of the road will be maintained intact, the old officers remaining at their posts as heretofore.—*Bradford Star*

Washing Out the Stomach.

During the past year several physicians in New York have tried, with a gratifying success, a novel treatment for dyspepsia and cancer of the stomach by washing out that organ The process is very simple and not dangerous. A long flexible pipe is passed down the throat until one end is in the stomach The upper end has a funnel attached, into which hot water is poured until the stomach is filled The weight of the water in the pipe and funnel gives a hydraulic pressure sufficient to distend the stomach The pipe has an aperture big enough to hold a lead pencil After the stomach has been filled the funnel end of the pipe is turned down lower than the bottom of the stomach, and the stomach is emptied of any fluid it supplied through a siphon The process may be repeated several times The result is that the undigested food and impurities are washed out, and the hot water cures the blood vessels and reduces inflammation The relief is immediate The dyspeptic may have his stomach washed out before a meal, so he can take a fresh start. After the lapse of a sufficient time for ordinary digestion the stomach may be washed out again This process has been in use at the New York Hospital we are informed, for some time

HEADQUARTERS
McKEAN COUNTY ASSOCIATION
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
Smethport, January 7 1891

GENERAL ORDER No 4

I At our Fourth Annual Reunion held at Duke Centre, Aug 29th The place for holding our regular business meeting was fixed at Kane

II The Council of Administration have fixed the time for such meeting February 18th 1891 at 3 p m in G A R Hall

III The officers to serve the ensuing year to be elected at this meeting are President, Vice President Secretary, Treasurer Chaplain, and Council of Administration

IV At this meeting the place will be fixed at which will be held our Fifth Annual Reunion Each Post will elect and instruct their delegation accordingly

By command
JAMES FLANER,
President

H M CROTE
Secretary

A Place of Absolute Safety

The people of this section will be interested in knowing that there is, within easy access, a place where valuables may be deposited with the absolute certainty that they are safe from any possible attack from burglars or from loss by fire or any other disaster The Olean Safe Deposit company, recently organized and incorporated under the laws of the State of New York has just completed the construction of a burglar proof safe deposit vault in connection with the Exchange National Bank of Olean The vault built by the Hall safe and lock company, is perfect in its construction, and forms an impregnable fortress in which no burglar however expert could force entrance. It is 7 feet high 10½ feet wide and 7½ feet deep the walls being formed of a series of plates of black and cast steel forming a combined thickness of two inches of metal, and is supplied with Halls latest patent burglar proof combination and time locks. It is impossible to imagine how a structure could be more strongly and securely built

The interior of the vault is divided into chests and compartments, over a hundred in number and these will be rented at a reasonable figure to persons who desire them giving each person a separate compartment controlled absolutely by himself In this enterprise the Olean Safe Deposit Company has supplied a recognized public need, that being, the only deposit vault south from the great bank vaults, in Southwestern New York or Northern Pennsylvania. The facilities which it offers are at the disposal of the public and it will no doubt receive patronage from a wide range of territory People who have valuable papers or other articles of value, liable to accident or destroyed, which they desire to have deposited for safe-keeping can feel a sense of absolute and unquestioned security if they are placed in the Olean Safe Deposit vault.

WINTER TRAVEL TO FLORIDA.

The Series of Pennsylvania Railroad Tours.

That Florida is to be the haven of refuge and recreation this year is manifested by the travel already directing it. To meet the demand of many who cannot afford the time nor expense of several months' sojourn in the land of sunshine and soft breezes, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has announced a series of five tours to leave New York January 20 h, February 3d and 17th, and March 3d and 17th at the reasonable low rate of $50 00 from that city, and $48 00 from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Tourists will travel in Pullman Palace Cars in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon. A limit has been made allowing one hundred and fifty passengers only to each tour, so that applications for space and tickets should be made well in advance.

The round-trip rate includes Pullman accommodations and meals en route in dining car attached to the train, and tickets will be sold from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad system to a connecting point with the special. For detailed information and descriptive itinerary application should be made to Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices.

Whiskeys.

50c to $3.00 per (full) quart bottle sent securely packed by express. N R Collins & Co., Bradford, Pa.

Great Discoverers.

What Bell and Edison are to the telephone and electricity, says the Pittsburg *News*, Dr. Franklin Miles, the well known specialist in nervous diseases, is to the nervous system and nerve fluid. Among his numerous discoveries the Restorative Nervine is undoubtedly one the greatest. It is unsurpassed in nervousness, dyspepsia, headache, epilepsy, neuralgia, backache, melancholy, sleeplessness, change of life, etc. Free trial bottles of it may be had of A. B. Armstrong, Druggist. All should read his "New and Startling Facts for the Afflicted," a very able, interesting and many 1 instructive book. Free to all.

AROUND THE COUNTY.

Interesting News Items From Various Localities As Related To Our Regular Correspondents.

BRADFORD.

Dr. Cheek greeted his Bradford friends last week.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 feet of lumber will be sawed in this lumber region during 1891.

Miss Minnie Helm, of Ridgway returned to her home on Saturday after a pleasant visit with the Misses Boyd, of Jamison ave.

The son of John Madigan sustained a painful cut on the face by falling on an iron fence while running with a companion on Saturday evening.

Rival reporters are wasting printer's ink boosting newspapers, such as Atlantic, Horse Assocada, Viper &c., upon their contemporary papers. Somebody call a draw.

There was a telephone on the stage at Byron a excellent production of "The Plunder" It was connected with the central office, and parties at Queen Lane City and the vicinity listened to the music and songs of the operetta.

On Saturday, Misses Etta and Vinnie Powell left on the 12 45 train for Mt. Jewett where they joined a merry party of friends and drove to Smethport. It was after midnight when they finished seeing the town, which they left with good intentions, and arrived at Bradford in the morning Nothing was seen of them at church on Sunday

Monday morning, Attorney Geo L. Roberts who appeared reviewer of the U. B. & K. Railroad. The change was brought about to carry out a plan whereby the road will be put on a more paying basis and will be more beneficial to the owners and patrons. The pay day will be the same as heretofore and all delinquencies will be fully met out of

The mayor has been applauded for his act in having the gilded palaces on Newell Avenue closed up, but owing to the fact that the order of the constituted authorities the soiled doves are fired from the city The thoroughfare was christened "Whiskey Row" by Mayor Hall in so the residents were to blame, and now they are scattered throughout the city, which makes it worse than ever. The nests of moral citizens are now stuffed up by the appearance of them creatures once called women at the very church door. It is simply awful and will not be tolerated many days.

Robbers are getting to be an old story in Bradford and thieves are getting bold and bolder A certain gentleman was walking from his office to his house on Seymour street at about midnight one evening last week two ruffians sprang upon him, overpowered him and robbed him of a gold watch and thirty dollars in cash The deed was done under the very noses of a number of people in a much frequented part of the city and as clue of the identity of the robbers has been found. They were seen but not near enough to be recognized by Detective C J Lane near whose residence the robbery was committed.

Nearly every day a runaway is recorded in Bradford, but thus far no lives have been sacrificed fortunately Sunday a team belonging to John Bateman, the city milkman, who resides on Bolivar Heights, became frightened at a passing train on Main street, and every witness of the affair stood trembling in fear At the corner of Main and Kennedy the brute made a quick turn as if everybody pictured a smashed show window (two of the horses jumped into the wells, Fargo Express sleigh and was impaled on the side board. The animal sustained a gash in the breast over a foot long but the veterinary surgeon expressed favorable hopes of saving the horses life.

While Bradford people are well supplied with amusements and entertainments their mental welfare is also looked after There are two branches of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle flourishing here. The Pastel Club has thirty members and holds their meetings at 1 o'clock on Hall The Current Events Club has a membership of 25 and holds its meetings at 8 o'clock on the Thursday evening of each week. Both clubs are interesting and instructive The Bradford Chautauqua Circle has a membership of 100 and meets every Tuesday evening. Hon R E Stone and J M McClure are two of its brilliant members

Bradford has been visited this week by three very destructive fires. On Monday the frame dwelling house at No 20 College row took fire from some unknown cause while the family were away and as the water supply was scant it was entirely consumed.

On Friday evening at 7.30 a gas jet in the *Era* office ignited the building and it was with difficulty 500 laundry was the result. The fire men soon had the flames under control and the Telephone Exchange might have been with out existence, which is all the better as every one concerned was out of work in the morning, the first fresh outbreak of the fire in the *Era* office and at 7.30 that same evening a part of the Randall Reliance block, a frame house owned by N B Randall was burned.

KANE.

There is a decided improvement in the sleighing.

Hon. J T Griffith is spending a few days at home

A perfect thaw sun like cold and freezing Monday.

Ben Hubbard is building two more houses on Haines and Lawson streets.

If there is anything in this life we are partial to and fond of, it is a piece of wedding cake.

Miss Jessie Heaney who has been assisting her sister Viola, has returned to her home in Dallas.

Our new town hall is nearing completion and will be an ornament—except the tower—has a little stubby.

Owing to the unavoidable delay in the arrival of the ugly names, the Kane House was not lit up with the electric light last week.

H H Corson James McIlrath H W Sweely, W B Smith and J D Brewster have applied for a charter for an electric light plant.

Kane was painted up on Monday night. It was the 1st appearance of Jas R. Adams, and his "Crazy Lot" at Smith's opera house.

It is about safe to say to some people to attend strictly to the proper affairs of your Uncle Dad ler and those company but it must be done

The paper path of Kane pleases the people of this community in that it will put an end to the practice of theatres and the five o'clock tea.

W H Welch of DuBois was up to Kane on to pertain the news in that flourishing town. Jan 9, 9 W Martin acting as installing officer. Chancellor, C. E. Martin, President, L. R. Bush, Vice-President Mrs. J McElhany Secretary, R. Bates, Accountant, D. W Nichlas, Treasurer, M. J. Dempsey, Advocate, Mrs. M G Dennis, Chaplain, Mrs. H. Bates, Auditors, Mrs. L. Wilde, Warden, Mrs. A Burdick, Sentinel, Miss Della Curtis.

ELDRED.

Hon. T A Morrison and wife, of Smethport were in town Monday afternoon.

Harry Johnston, of Allentown, was visiting old friends in town Friday last.

E. S Rogers, of Plainfield, N. J has been visiting old friends here for the past few days.

Revival meetings are being conducted in the M E Church by Rev Hodgman. He is assisted this week by Rev. L. J Gosen, of Mahulus, N. Y., who is a very able and interesting speaker

The young people's orchestra club gave their first party at the residence of W B. Archibald Tuesday evening.

I. D. Hardy and family, who have been making an extended visit to York state friends returned Saturday.

Another club dance was given at the opera house last Thursday evening but the attendance was very small.

D. W. Allen has recently been purchasing oil property near Limestone, and has put down one well which has proved a success. It started at the rate of 300 bbls. per day. The well has not been tubed or cased, naturally Mr. Allen feels quite elated over his venture.

The Rebecca lodge of this place entertained many of their sister members from Olean Thursday evening last. An elegant banquet was had for them at the hall.

Mrs. E. D. H. was called to Olean this week by the serious illness of her aunt.

KENDALL CREEK.

Col. D. Gardner, of Warren was in town Friday.

Mrs. Carl Foster is entertaining her niece, Miss Mc Holmsmith.

Mrs. T. J. Southerin, who has been visiting in Jamestown, has returned home.

Miss Edith Post returned to Edinboro, Pa. where she is attending the Normal.

Mrs. C. W. Mickelsl has returned from a visit to friends and relatives at Great Valley.

Mrs. M F Wescott has returned from a visit to friends and relatives at Webbsville, Mich.

Miss Lulu Bailey, who has been visiting her parents, ex last week to resume her studies at Jamestown.

The Ladies Aid Society will give an Oyster supper at the reading room, Thursday evening. Supper from 5 to 8 Admission 25 cents

Mrs J Q Fields has returned from Pithole, Pa., where she has been visiting her parents She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Barry.

Miss Fannie Haire, who has been the guest of Miss Edith Norton, returned to her home at Queen, Feb. 6th Jamison's orchestra will furnish the music Supper will be served at the base house. Ticket 50 cts.

Frank Thompson, of Middletown, while wrestling with another boy, whose name was Wilson was thrown to the ground, and his left arm dislocated at the elbow. The injury is said painful and may prove quite serious unless great care is taken

Last Wednesday evening the officers of the K O L M were installed. After the installation the Knights repaired to the opera house, where the tall table awaited them. After an adequate treat to which full ample justice, dancing was the order of the evening The music was furnished by Jamison orchestra Dancing was kept up until after one o'clock. Everybody was delighted with the evening's entertainment.

GILLMONT.

The sleighing is excellent.

Z T Byers visited the county seat last Monday

A special train from Buffalo run in here last Monday

Mr and Mrs. Don Parr drove to Smethport Last Saturday

Mr and Mrs. Pardee are visiting relatives in Garrett.

Master Wm Shoemaker, of Smethport was in town last Saturday

Owing to the rain there were no services in the Union Church last Saturday

John Sparling is on the sick list.

Mr and Mrs. Wm Fiddler are visiting friends at Centerville

Sheriff Grubb was attending to business in this place last Saturday

Several arrests have been made in our town during the past week

K Prescott combined business with pleasure in a trip to Buffalo last Friday

F N Taylor of Smethport and Mr Lilly, bridge, of Port Allegany were in town last Thursday

Conductor Gleer is now running in Conductor Nick Squires place, the latter having gone south to spend the winter

The infant child of Mr and Mrs. Whitehead has been very ill for the past two weeks, but is now improving

Mr Lay of this place was called to Wellsville one day last week on the death of his son Mr Lay has the sympathy of the community in his bereavement.

The young people of this place are preparing to give an entertainment in the near future the proceeds are to be used in building the Catholic Church We wish them the best of success

COLEGROVE

Jack Scanlon is home for a few weeks' vacation.

Ralph Burdick came up from Smethport and stayed over Sunday with Frank Littlebin

Mrs. Ira Burdick, accompanied by Miss Beers visited C. A Burdick, of Smethport last Sunday

Mrs. B Snow received a telegram on the 6th inst stating that her mother was dangerously ill and left on the next morning to visit her at Olean The

Mr Grant fell from a scaffolding while at work for C P L and is laying by for a few days or so yet.

Adams, one of our pupils are Mrs G M Gillett Miss Hardick and child Miss Leon Burdick an Hiram Wilcox are convalescent.

Hiram Robinson is at his home for a few days.

H Pelton's mill is running steady again cutting a number of 000 feet per day.

An oyster supper for the benefit of Rev J S Leach will be given at the residence of C A Anderson on Wednesday evening Jan 21.

The result of the election of officers for the Union church for the present year is as follows Trustees, I Brewer C A Anderson, John Hunt, Geo Gould, S W Hemenway and Mrs. L M Burdick. Auditors Geo. W Burdick, Chas. Dickinson and Mrs. B. W Heinemann

The officers of the W C T U are ready to receive donations of money any time from the one who carried off the testament from the railroad station Hopes are entertained that the purloiner will return the book as soon as read.

Mr Kelsey with an ox team gets about of the Cobb Lumber Co with all the horses and drivers hard worked for $1 25 per cord while the said company ask the same price for slab hemlock

CERES.

E L Nicholson was in Eldred Friday

Henry Van Horner was in Duke Centre last week.

A S Mix spent Sunday in Bradford

Miss Grace Roberts returned to Corry after a two weeks visit with Ceres friends.

Frank Walsh, of Duke Centre was in town the first of the week.

H E Gillup was in town Friday

Miss Minnie Smith of Allentown is visiting in this place this week.

A large stock of Alaska cement ice is being cut here.

Will Kesser, an old resident is confined to his home by illness.

A F Carter is the present manager of the Oswayo House.

Commissioner Biggs and supervisor Welch were in town Saturday.

Mrs J Chapman, who has so successfully managed the Oswayo House for some time past has given the house and removed with her family to Union City, Pa. She was escorted to the depot by a host of friends who wish her abundant success in her new home.

The King Daughter's N J presented a delightful tea Before three hours' worth of refreshments had been disposed of the tables were cleared and the remainder of the evening was spent in social chat. Those present were all pleased with the entertainment and hope they have at last found it.

MT JEWETT.

J A Pearson of Kane Republican visited friends here last week in Mt Jewett, looking after business in the interest of his paper.

C A Burdick of Smethport, visited this city last Saturday.

T B McCoy, visited Smethport last Monday on business.

Mr Hall of Smethport, visited this city last Saturday.

J B McCoy, visited Smethport last Monday

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SICK

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HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head-

ACHE

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